

The Merry]MANS Resolution Or a LONON Frolick.

He goes a wooing yet the matters so;
He cares not much whether he speeds or no,
Cause City Wives and Wenches are so common
He thinks it hard to find an honest woman
Ben't angry with this fellow I protest
That many a true word hath been spoke in jest,
By degrees he layes a wager money's scant
Vntill five shillings out, then ends his Rant.

The Tune is much in Request, *He hold thee five shillings.*



If young Men & Maidens
Will listen a while
I'll sing you a Sonnet
Will make you to smile
Then come my own Dearest
and be not so coy,
What'ever thou fearest
I'll get thee a boy.
He hold thee a six pence
His silver compleat
If thou art but willing
I can do thee that.

Then be not so scornful
In loving and kin;
If it do wilt but kiss me
I'll tell thee my mind
For I am a Gallant
that's vers'd in the trade

I know what belongs to
Wife, Widow and Maid
He hold thee a shilling
as round as a Ring
Whole Lasses that kiss will
loves the rather thing.

Then hear let me feel if
thy flesh it be warm
For I vow and protest I
will do thee no harm,
But huddle and cuddle
weel top and weel kiss
What hurt honest Neighbours
can come of all this
He hold you three six-pences
in ready Coyne
Post & rise when they'r pleased
with young men will soyn.

The Merry]MANS Resolution Or a LONON Frolick.

He goes a wooing yet the matters so;
He cares not much whether he speeds or no,
Cause City Wives and Wenches are so common
He thinks it hard to find an honest woman
Ben't angry with this fellow I protest
That many a true word hath been spoke in jest,
By degrees he layes a wager money's scant
Vntill five shillings out, then ends his Rant.

The Tune is much in Request, *He hold thee five shillings.*



If young Men & Maidens
Will listen a while
I'll sing you a Sonnet
Will make you to smile
Then come my own Dearest
and be not so coy,
What'ever thou fearest
I'll get thee a boy.
He hold thee a six pence
His silver compleat
If thou art but willing
I can do thee that.

Then be not so scornful
In loving and kin;
If it do wilt but kiss me
I'll tell thee my mind
For I am a Gallant
that's vers'd in the trade

I know what belongs to
Wife, Widow and Maid
He hold thee a shilling
as round as a Ring
Whole Lasses that kiss will
loves the rather thing.

Then hear let me feel if
thy flesh it be warm
For I vow and protest I
will do thee no harm,
But huddle and cuddle
weel top and weel kiss
What hurt honest Neighbours
can come of all this
He hold you three six-pences
in ready Coyne
Post & rise when they'r pleased
with young men will soyn.

But when they are full in
more matter't a pin,
But couge unbr and couz um
twill please um again
And when you have done it,
this story is true
If you do but kiss um
they'l straight wopen hise you
He hold you two shillings
lay with me that can
The fairest wth Nation
will lye with a man.

Then why should young Females
continue single,
When Ladies of pleasure
do count it no vice
To be kind to thei Neighbours
as well as the rest
For kissing and Courting
is still in request,
He hold two and six pence
that's just half a crown
Wighst Girdles in all Europe,
are easest blown down.

To talk of Complexions
too tedious it were,
Or to know their conditions
by th' colour of harts,
Yet this I'll assure you,
either Black, Red or Brown
When they're in the humour
they'l freely lye down
He hold you three shillings
who gainst me dare lay
That Women delight much
with young men to play.

Theres Mary & Betty,
with Nancy & Jone,
They'l lye with a Winker
ere they'l lye alone,
Theres Peg, Dol and Bridget
Rebecca and Kate

They laugh when they hear out
but long till they haue't
He hold thee three & six pence
Wids love when the best
When they come a wooing
in earnest not jest.

Fine Susan and Sarah
have Lasses indeed
Per they'l lye with a Broom-man
if they stand in need,
Like to the pretty Pamel
and the smiling Sisse
When young men embrace them
how kindly they kiss
He hold you four shillings
the nicest that be
At one time or other
makes use of a P-----

Then dear be contented
for thou shalt have one,
And shalt be prevented
of lyeing alone,
For I'm stout and lusty
and fit for delight
He buy thee & kiss thee
ten times in a night
He hold four & six pence
He hold thee no less
He boze a hole through thy coat
eden by guests.

For I am an Archer,
Well shil'd in that Art
Though I shoot at young Womels
they nere feel it smart
He hold thee five shillings,
he hold thee no more,
He boze a hole through thy smock
even before.
This song throughout England
on purpose I send
To make young men merry,
and there is an end.